

Aborigine

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Lincoln Poetry

Poets Aborigine

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

A LINE O' TYPE OR TWO

*How to the Linc, let the
quips fall where they may.*

FR. 26.2

Lincoln.

He spoke,
And slaves who would be free,
And freemen who feared chains,
Believed they heard the voice of God
He spoke,
And caused the States to see
The slavery in their freedom,
And a nation fell upon its knees,
Sore smitten in its first sin;
He spoke,
And children of the womb
Came free-born and without fear
To suckle at the breast
Of women who now might sing . . .
He was no symbol—
He was faith made fact and flesh—
New courage in old clay;
He was an ancient altar fire reli—
A new tongue for the Bell of Liberty.
And when his voice was heard,
All martyrs of the barren years
Sat up to see
And then laid down content with dust,
And all the open sores upon
The soul of life were salved,
Yea, the old wound in the side of God
Ceased running after centuries . . .
He still speaks from Springfield—
More vicarious in death than in life—
To warn the changing States
Against new forms of old enslavement.

ABORIGINE

Chi. Daily Tribune 2-12-29

A LINE O' TYPE OR TWO

*Hew to the Line, let the
quips fall where they may.*

Chicago Daily Tribune

Feb 24

EPIC OF THE IRON TRAIL.

3-12-29

'Lincoln lay dead when they spiked
The iron trail to the prairies;
He was no more when the rails
Ran over the mountains,
Linking the singing seas . . .
But he had dreamed with the dreamers,—
Had spilled the blood of his heart—
A nation's wine of libation—
To seal the great pact,
Had wistfully hoped he might journey
Iron trails to the sunset . . .
But when he went wandering
The long trail of gold
That led him to sunrise and calm,
There were his lovers and brothers
Who remembered his dreaming . . .
So Grant spoke to Sherman,
"We must build the Union Pacific—
Lincoln expects it";
Said Sherman to Dodge,
"You must construct the transcontinental—
Lincoln expects it";
And the great engineer responded,
"I will as I promised the President . . .
Then the men who had fought
With Lee and with Longstreet came crying,
"Let us help build the Union Pacific—
We owe it to Lincoln" . . .
A thousand Confederates in faded gray suits
Joined a thousand Federals in blue
Far out on the plains,
High up in the hills . . .
From the muddy Missouri,
Out the wide-washing Platte,
Over trails of the Pawnee and Sioux,
Crept the rails to the Rockies,
Where the East met the West,
Where the North and the South
Sang the self-same song—
Even as Lincoln expected.

ABORIGINE.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

He learned his lesson
 From a grain of corn—
 From a single grain of corn
 And in its death renews a hundredfold;
 From a grain of corn he learned
 How wide wounds on one lonely heart
 May heal an ancient ache
 Within the souls of millions,
 For as a child he dug it up
 To note the progress of its growth,
 But saw its heart pulled out
 To paint the prairie soil;
 Learned how the silken sides
 Of a single grain of corn,
 If rent and rained upon
 And stomped into the earth
 By the heavy heel of the husbandman,
 Will rise into a stately stalk
 With leaves that house a harvest;
 So he was planted like a grain of corn—
 Planted deep within the troubled state
 By some holier hand of higher husbandry,
 And there was rent asunder,
 Asunder as a grain of corn is rent;
 Yea, he was wounded unto death
 By friend and foe alike,
 And for each alike was torn
 As a sacrificial grain of corn
 Yields up its life to yield—
 To feed the sower who has sown
 And an alien race that needs;
 Yet, wider than the wound upon his brow
 Was some old hurt within his heart—
 A wound of which none knew
 Save Lincoln and his God,
 And a little grain of corn
 That falls into the ground and dies. 2/12/32
 Chicago Daily Tribune

ABORIGINE.

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[ABORIGINE.]

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—"Chicago Daily Tribune." 2-12-32

LINCOLN.

God touched him and he stood apart,
Lonely as his kind have ever been—
Some latter man of sorrows on whose heart
Was laid the burden of a nation's grosser sin.

He was driven to the wilderness
Where demons whispered compromise—
Love led him on to dare the glad redress
That purged a people from their brazen lies.

God placed him on a lonely rock
To tend the lighthouse of the State,
Where through the storm he bore the shock
That kept the flame until the hour was late.

God led him to some Sinai
Where other weary feet had trod,
And there he heard the bitter bondmen cry,
And there he saw, at last, the face of God.

ABORIGINE.
